



One Fateful Night



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Chapter 1 by Samantha

Most people think that dreams that start off good, end good or if they start bad, they end bad.

Well that's not true at all.

It all started when the best dream I'd ever had turned into a living nightmare...

Chapter 2 by intellikat



It was centered upon that one lone figure of myth, whom all children adore yet young women fear. A horror story of gingerbread proportions.

Cookie Man.

Chapter 3 by Zach Patrick



The sweet gingery goodness of the cookie mans warm embrace turn stale quickly. The icing on the wall began to melt, jujubees falling to the floor. Cookie man held me tighter and tighter. I was having trouble breathing as a deep laugh belovved from the oven..

Chapter 4 by Joshua Tyson



Too much of a good thing proved now to be so very bad. Their ability to self bake now sending the evil treats streaming from ovens everywhere. A revolution was in effect and all the milk from all the udders in all the worlds couldn't soften the ensuing onslaught. And here I was... Me stuck in the middle of a fight not of my own choosing, you see I had friends on both sides. I'd

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Chapter 5 by intellikat



Cookie man's grip was tight around my neck and I could feel my head growing light. As he sensed me losing consciousness, one of his hands loosened and slid down my belly and it began to make me feel uncomfortable. I could smell his sweet, sugary breath hot on my face, and I could sense his urgency in every movement. The more I fought, the more I wanted to give in and let him have his way. "I so jummy. I want to cooky you," he wheezed, leaning further in.

I struggled to focus.

Chapter 6 by intellikat



The next thing I knew I was propped up at a ratty booth at a Bob Evans restaurant somewhere off Route 66. God bless the cookie man, but I had sugar all over my face, in my hair... my pants were down around my ankles, and red hots were stuck to my thighs. As I attempted to peel them off, the hair on my legs was ripped painfully with them.

"Argggh!" I cried, and a waitress huffed over.

"More coffee?"

"A doctor, woman! I need a doctor! I think there's a candy cane jammed up my..." I motioned to my backside and the waitress' eyes grew wide. "I think... I think he must have jammed it up there and then broke it off halfway, leaving the end of it... well, you know. God, it's so minty and sticky..." Everytime I shifted in my seat, I could feel the end of the candy cane jabbing me within. "Call an ambulance."

The waitress did. But let me tell you now, dear reader... the horror that awaited me in that span of a drive between Bob Evans and what I thought would be the hospital... this was the ONE FATEFUL NIGHT I must now relay as a warning to all young men.

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